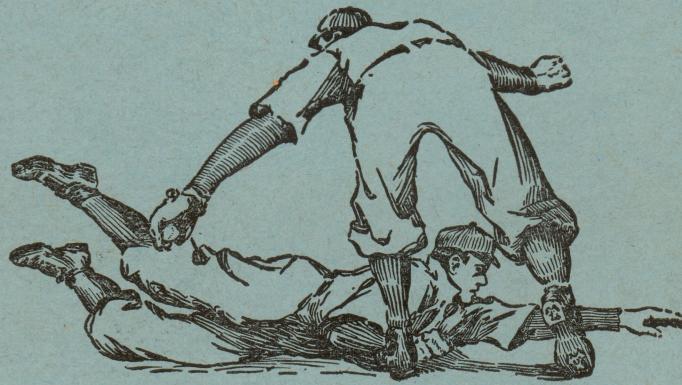


YPSI-SEM



FINAL NUMBER

MAY, 1916

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The Ypsi=Sem

VOL. 6

YPSILANTI, MICH., MAY, 1916

No. 9

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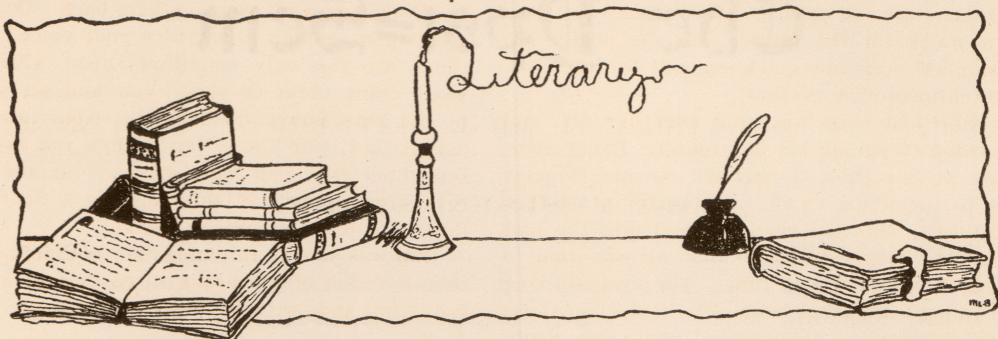
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THE YPSI-SEM is edited and compiled each month by the students of the Ypsilanti High School, Ypsilanti, Michigan, the staff being chosen by the Faculty.

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How the Crow Lost His Voice

(Second Prize Story)

BY KATHERINE FRENCH, '18

Once upon a time, when crows were our most beautiful songsters, lived Jim and Jenny. Jim was a handsome young crow, who was very proud of his glossy feathers and strong wings. Jenny was the very belle of crow society, and much sought after by all of the young Tommies and Johnnies and Billies. But she declared that she had yet to find the young crow with glossy enough feathers and strong enough wings and quick enough wit to suit her patrician taste.

Jim was very anxious to show this exacting young lady his feathers and wings. So he started, one sunny afternoon, over farmer Douglass' corn field to see the lady Jenny. The old farmer, being naturally a suspicious man, jumped immediately at the conclusion that Jim was there for the express purpose of eating his corn and waging war on the tender new sprouts. So, with a large gun, he hid in some grass, and, when Jim came nearer, he fired on him.

Now Jim was a trained athlete, and his tricks were much admired by his fellows, but none of them had ever witnessed such a clever dodge as he made from that flying bit of lead. But fate seemed to be against him, for two of his finest, longest, blackest feathers fluttered to the ground.

Poor Jim! He dared not stay near the angry farmer, for only too well he knew the power of that long bar of polished steel. His mother and one brother had fallen after its terrible report. So he fled home and buried himself in thought as to how to remedy his misfortune, for now, he knew, the capricious Jenny would have none of him, since he could

have no new feathers until next mating time, and then his prize would be gone.

Finally, in despair, he flew to the dwelling place of Mother Nature. Finding her unoccupied, he presented the facts of his case to her, and begged her to give him two new feathers before next spring. Mother Nature hesitated. It was not her custom to grant favors to anyone, but she had heard of the beautiful Jenny, and, besides, Jim had always been one of her favorites.

"Well," she said at last to that impatient young gentleman. "I will grant your request if you will pay for each one in any way that I see fit. I do not mean in money or grain, but by self-sacrifice and patience."

Jim by this time, was in a frenzy of impatience and suspense. He rashly promised to do anything to regain his beautiful feathers.

"Well," Mother Nature said, "You win one, and then if you want to give up the project, you may. To regain the first feather, you must eat, for Farmer Douglass, harmful mice and insects which are bothering him so this year. Of course you may eat grain and fruit, but at least one-third of your diet must be mice and insects.

Jim was dismayed. He never could stand the things, and now he had bound himself by his promise to eat quantities of them.

But as he was never sulky, he said that in two days' time he would eat the prescribed food and report to her. My! How hard that first day was! The second was better, for he had actually begun to like them. He was just snapping up the last insect, when Farmer Douglass turned and saw him. With a sharp

exclamation, he tried to strike him. Jim was too quick for the farmer, but the portly Mr. Douglass was not quick enough for the ever watchful Mother Nature.

She had been watching over her pet, and decided to punish his maltreater. Every year, just at this time, it hurt old Farmer Douglas so to touch the earth (a daughter of Mother Nature's, who had been dragged into the plot against Farmer Douglas) that he was glad to stay in for days at a time. The sympathizing neighbors condoled with Mrs. Douglas about her husband's "rheumatics," but Jim could have told of a better name for the trouble of Farmer Douglas.

After those two days, Jim went back to Mother Nature, and reported his success. She was greatly pleased, and told him what to do for the second feather.

"My dear," she began, "This is a much greater sacrifice than the other. The crows have been among the most favored of my birds. They have remarkable hearing, as your own experience can testify. They can see an object smaller than themselves very distinctly when they are out of eye-sight in the air. They have one of the most beautiful bodies one can imagine, covered with blue black feathers. But above all, they are noted for their wonderful voices. None of my feathered family can boast of being such a songster. They have charmed man and beast alike, and have become, consequently very proud of their vocal powers.

"Now, you want your feathers back. Do you want them enough to sacrifice your voice? For those are the only conditions upon which I shall grant them to you. You and all your people, must now and always, utter only a hard 'Caw! Caw!' or 'Car! Car!' when you say it. remember that you have driven your species to a great misery in this line, as a Scottish farmer 'caws' his cows to market."

Jim was silent—thinking. He hesitated, but then a vision of his beautiful feather rose before him, and, without thinking, he said, "I'll do it."

Jim had all of his feathers back. He flew to the home of Jenny, only to find her in the deepest dismay and horror. She was sitting on a branch, uttering harsh, throaty sounds. Jim hastened to her, about to pour out the beautiful song he had composed for the occasion, but all he could sing was a grating "Caw! Caw!"

Only too late did he see the folly in giving up his beautiful voice. But, as well as he could, he told her of the circumstances of losing his feathers, and how he had brought this calamity upon the whole crow family.

When she found this out, she flew away, nor could he get her to come back again.

Poor Jim! Finally he realized what the loss of his voice would mean to him for, through this, he and all of his tribe would become outcasts and be despised by all mankind for many years.

The Price of Revenge

Donald B. M'Louth, '19.

The sun sank in the west with its usual flood of crimson light. Back in the woods the hermit thrush sang its chant to the sinking sun. The robin poured forth its happiness while the grossbeak chirped and sang above its brood. The wild flowers along the path made a floor of brilliant colors.

This was what the mother fox saw as she was returning home with a large duck. She had stopped to look and listen to the wonderful work of nature. She did not know that this shall hesitation had meant the lives of the five things she loved the best in all the world. Just as she was enjoying herself the most the wind brought her news that made every nerve in her body quiver. Knowing what it meant, she hesitated before acting. Then with a low

growl in her throat she started on the nearest cut to her den. When she arrived she looked upon what she knew had happened while she was lingering on her homeward trail. It made a sad picture as she stood looking at the spots of blood and then at the tracks of the deadliest enemy of her kind, the lynx. Then on a sudden she seemed to brace up. She showed her teeth and snarled. This was the sign of revenge which all wild animals practice.

As the day waned she became extremely lonesome. That night was spent by walking up and down the small creek which ran in front of the lair. She blundered a partridge which on any other occasion would have died as others had died under her stroke. She started a hare but sadness drove her back to

her den. And so the months passed with hunger and loneliness. The winter was passed mostly in the den with little thought of the outside world. Only five times through the whole winter did she come out and then hunger caused it.

Spring came, bringing mating season. But there was one fox that did not wish a mate. Many a fox turned from her disappointed by her failure to accept his love. One persistent old fox after being absolutely ignored by her, decided not to give up his wanted mate. So day after day he trotted by her side.

One day late in the afternoon they came upon a lynx track very old. To the male fox it was nothing more than other lynx tracks but to her it was a reign of terror. After traveling for two hours steady the tracks became more distinct and easier to follow. She grew restless as the time passed for she knew it would cost her life to revenge on a lynx.

Some half mile ahead she could occasionally see a gliding shadow. It was the lynx. It also had grown restless. Instinct told her that her end was near.

The trail led up the mountains keeping on the rough ground. At last the fox's chance

came. She came to a sheer bluff about twenty feet high and looking down saw the lynx crouching, watching its chance to spring on a gray squirrel. She knew that such a jump would kill her but then without more hesitation she sprang downward. The lynx saw her coming and tried to leap clear, but he was too late. The one hundred and forty pounds lit on his shoulder, crushing him to the ground. The fox sank her teeth in his throat and there died from the jump. Her life was the price of revenge.

The darkness came on and the two lay still. There was one visitor that night. It was the male fox. He came up to the two dead animals and whined. Then went back a small ways and wailed the sad lamented cry.

The sun sank in the west with its usual flood of crimson light. Up the mountain the thrush sang its chant to the sinking sun. But there was no happy fox watching the work of nature.

When the first beams of the glorious western sun came creeping over the mountain, on the cliff there was nothing but the tracks of a pair of wolves.

Sidelight of Europe

By Mary Case, '18.

The "Sham Battle," which took place last August on the Stadium of the Exposition grounds in San Francisco, was a vivid drama of the battle today. Every branch of the United States fighting forces took part in the battle which was carried on before ninety thousand spectators who sat facing the marina and the broad, quiet bay beyond.

Under the cliffs in sight of the thousands, two grim, gray sea-fighters of Uncle Sam's navy were lined up to cover the land forces. Also four other battleships were in readiness to play their part in the battle.

A number of extensive trenches were visible on the barren field soon to become the battleground. In the rear, near the coast, was a temporary fort. Stationed near the fort in the foreground were two cannon which seemed always to bring to mind the horror of their thundering noise. One hundred or more khaki tents lined the farther end of the field in the direction of the Exposition grounds. Not a stir was among them—yet one could not help

being impressed by the air of excitement pervading over all, both on land and sea.

Presently the lull was broken by the rumbling of a cannon off the coast. It was the signal for an attack! Like lightning the command was carried thru the camp for the men to be up and ready at their posts and in the trenches.

The one thousand soldiers, a second before nowhere to be seen, appeared to be nothing more than a great swarm of bees so sprightly did they take down and roll up their tents and blankets to be quickly drawn away. With wondrous swiftness the battle line was formed and the regiments marched to the front. Hardly could one believe his own eyes! The company ground was bare!

The next moment all were stationed ready for the on-coming attack—some forming the lines of battle; others in the trenches already aiming their guns, a number busy at the cannon, while at the fort a few were closely watching the movements of the enemy thru a tele-

scope. The Red Cross ambulances could be seen as they drew up ready to care for the wounded.

Meanwhile, the commander, mounted on his stately horse, rode quickly about giving orders to his subordinates. The emotions of the spectators and the soldiers were stimulated by the regular beat of the drummer as he made his way from one part of the field to another.

Those on sea were playing their part as well, altho one was unable to see their actions as plainly—while above all the rumbling and grumbling off the coast seemed to draw nearer with its increasing volume.

In eighteen motor launches, one thousand United States "blue jackets" now approaching the shore were to effect a landing while the purpose of the coast defense was to prevent this.

Every branch of the fighting forces was now beginning action—the roar of cannon from two great battleships—from the shores the snarling of the machine guns—the thunder of big rifles and a long line of men in khaki arranged for the defense of the coast—the rumble of an armored Jeffrey motor car—and over all the humming of a war aeroplane!

The great sham battle was on!

As the terrific noise increased, one could easily imagine himself amid the din and whirl of an actual battle. The shot of the soldiers' rifles, altho thick and fast, were penny fire-crackers beside the thundering cannon.

Instantaneously the fort, defending the coast, was blown up! Spurts of flames piercing the smoke—the staccato drumming of the eighteen motor launches landing the one thousand United States marines. What efficiency! One realized then as never before, the training which the marines have for fighting on land as well as on sea.

Quickly, the ranks being formed, close fighting began. Soon the marines had gained a trench! Their aim then was to gain the fort.

But, the next moment victory seemed against them. One of their most powerful boats, now a mass of flames, was breaking in twain and rapidly sinking. It had been blown up by a mine from the battery of the opposing force.

At the same time who was gaining on land? The blue jackets, and they were nearing their goal, the fort.

Many fell on both sides beneath the withering hail of cold lead, (make believe in this case, sure enough) while the Red Cross ambulances drove up, one after another bearing away a great number of the wounded.

Close firing still came thick and fast. Bombs dropped from the war aeroplane. These, at first, appeared to be but a black speck high in the air, then streaks of gleaming steel shot out all about it and, at the same moment, the bomb let out its terrifying thunderous report. Then only a few white clouds remained and these soon vanished on the light wind.

Still the fighting continued—but presently, the spectators perceived that the land forces were dispersing. The marines had finally reached the fort and had forced their opponents to surrender.

All rejoiced over the victory, altho it was, of course, not as decisive as an actual battle, nevertheless, at times when the scene was at its height, one could not help being filled with a realization of the horrors of the war in Europe today. It was thru the courtesy of the army and naval authorities that the exposition officials were enabled to offer a spectacle never before witnessed and of incalculable value to the thousands who viewed it as well as to those who took part.

Y-P-S-I H-I

(A parody on M-O-T-H-E-R)

I've been around the world a lot,
I've been to many schools;
I've inspected many buildings,
I've studied many rules;
But still, in all my travellings,
In places rich, and swell
I've never seen another school
That I could love so well.
Now, if you'd like to put me to the test,

There's one dear name that I can spell the best,
Y—is for the youngsters that its fostered,
P—is for our principal so fine.
S—is for the new school they built us,
I—is for the interests that arise.
H—is for the happiness of Hi school,
I—means industry, and then you see,
Ypsi Hi—they spell, when all together,
Two words that mean the world to me.



OUR LAST ONE

This is the final number of the "Sem," long suffering subscribers. No longer will you have to read the dryest of dry editorials. No longer will you have to bear their dullness, their sermonizing, and their inconsistency. No longer will you have to peruse them with fast shut teeth and clenched fist. No longer will you have to look forward with hatred and aversion to the time when the Sem appears. You will be free and absolutely unfettered from their depressing influence. In fact it is a marvel to the Staff how patiently, and with what fortitude and resignation you have borne them for nine months. But wonders never cease. Of course the Staff has taken a certain wicked pleasure in forcing them down your unresisting throats and watching you foam and sputter.

To put aside this levity of manner and to come down to earth again is there not a perceptible heaviness around your hearts at the thought of another year being completed? We frankly admit a feeling of this nature in spite of the various and sundry trials and tribulations which have been contended with. To us this has been the best year of our high school life and we think all of the Senior class will say the same.

In fact it is the class of '16 that feels the pain of parting the most acutely. They have been here for quite a while and have become rooted, so to speak. The customs and ways of the high school have become dear to them. They have watched the verdant Freshman gradually expand until he could be recognized. Although he at first seemed absolutely hopeless he has progressed so rapidly, much to our surprise, that he may be able to fill the shoes of the departing Seniors. There is even a possibility that he will find them too small.

As we look back over this year we see many ways in which we could have bettered our paper. We realize that we have made many mistakes and that our work has had many faults. We put out this last number of the "Sem" trusting that you will forget our defects. We also wish to thank you for the many ways that you have helped us. During all the

year we have never had a shortage of material. You have responded to the call for subscriptions better than you did last year. If the book has been good this year you have helped to make it so.

WHAT IT BRINGS

Many are the changes that take place with the closing of school. The Senior will at last graduate and to him will come a more serious outlook on life. Those who are to enter college in the fall, can anticipate with pleasure the thrills of "College Days" which are somehow not like any other days. The Junior will watch the graduation ceremonies with eyes looking ahead to the June of '17, when (with improvements) he will perform the same stunts. The Sophomore can now dream with some surety of being a Junior "flighty" and the Freshman rejoices that no longer can he be termed a "Freshie." Now has the time come when his followers must begin the process of putting on the "front" for next fall's onslaught. To the student who has been promoted the fall term looks alluring. To the laggard who has failed it means the same old thing in the same old way unless he shall brace up and put a new zest into his school life. To the teachers it brings a longed for breathing spell and prospects for a much needed rest. In fact all contemplate with delight the breaking away for a time from the school routine.

Vacation looms before us as a haven of rest. Doubtless we are ready for it with weary brains and bodies but not with the necessary plans, or perhaps, the money to carry out the plans. Probably some few of us can look back to a vacation when we really seemed ready for it, but it is likely that the majority have and are neglecting to consider the demands which every summer must surely make. What have you prepared to do, or more plainly, what are you going to do. The question is an urgent one. Whether your vacation is to prove a detriment or benefit to you depends on how this question is considered and answered. How often we have realized that we could not accomplish certain things because we had failed

to plan ahead and made provision for the necessities that were bound to arise! Do not let this be the case with any of your vacation projects. The time is short but then there is all the more reason for prompt planning. Tomorrow never comes. Today is the time to start.

HILLSDALE

We, of the negative team that debated Hillsdale left Ypsilanti on the morning of the day of the debate on the means of transportation vulgarly called the "Huckleberry." This appellation has been given to it, I believe, on account of its notable aversion to exceeding the speed limit.

Some difficulty was experienced at first in seeing objects outside of the coach on account of the incrustations of foreign matter that had been collecting layer by layer for one or two decades. By the time we had reached our destination, however, we had become so adept in the art that we could tell a man from a woman.

As we were alighting from our coach we heard the conductor say, "A girl has got her foot cut off." We looked and saw two men raising a girl from the ground about eighteen years of age, who was struggling and shrieking. She had been walking by the side of the train toward a certain coach, getting too close to the train she brushed against it, lost her balance and in trying to regain it her left foot got under the wheel. We learned afterwards that she was a resident of Reading.

Needless to say, all levity was instantly dispelled from our group, and we were a quiet company as we walked up town. Hillsdale, altho having a population of a little over five thousand boasts some very good public buildings. Particularly noticeable were the post-office, court house and city hall, which are superior to the corresponding buildings in Ypsilanti. Beautiful green lawns abound throughout the entire city and fairly force admiration from the passerby. Excellent opportunity was furnished for observation by the Superintendent of Schools who, having a Dodge car, dodged all over the city with us for an hour or more. We found ourselves involuntarily comparing Hillsdale with Ypsilanti and in every instance our own city was a few notches ahead except in the case of the buildings I have already mentioned.

In regard to the schools, grades, high school and college inclusive, we are so far ahead that Hillsdale cannot be seen for our dust. This is

true in the outward appearance as well as in the equipment. It is a strange thing that graduates from the high school here, in many cases, go to a college many miles from home when right in their own dooryard, so to speak, is a college, the best in appearance, the best in equipment, with the best faculty, and the best everything that can be found in the state of Michigan, and has very few equals in the United States. If we would only investigate our own facilities instead of "flying to others we know not of," how much might be saved.

CLEAN-UP DAY

Last week we had a general clean-up day. We have had one every spring, for several seasons. A day is announced in the paper, and everybody puts on his stout suit and wheels out all the tin-cans, broken bottles, old stove pipe, or other goat food that has accumulated on his premises during the winter, and dumps it in a heap by the curbstone. After lying there a day or so, a couple of men with a team come and shovel it up and cart it to the dump.

This spring they are putting the rubbish to a useful purpose in filling a marsh hole at the foot of Race street.

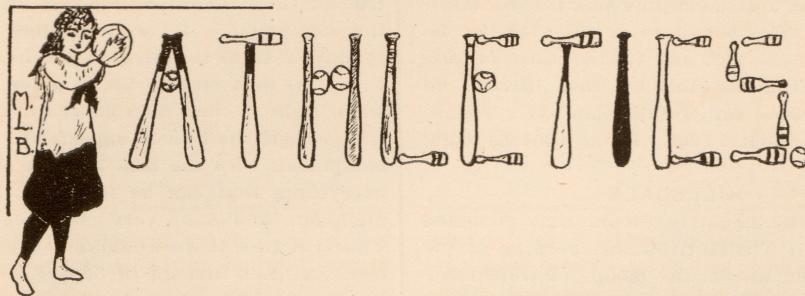
If this clean-up day is a good idea for the town, as it undoubtedly is, why not for the school also? In the rooms of the building, particularly the study hall, Room 221, the spare desks are stuffed full of paper, second-hand gum, and what-not.

During study periods the student who occupies any particular desk, throws his waste paper into the adjacent vacant desk, or pokes it down the hole cut for the ink bottle, and in among somebody's books. When it is found by the owner of the books he usually peevishly puts it in the vacant desk.

Our point is this: Some day these desks are going to get so full they will hold no more and we shall have to patronize the perfectly good waste basket found beside the teacher's desk. So why not get busy before this happens and have a clean-up day? It's simple. Just pick up your particular flock of rubbish in your arms and deposit it gently in the waste basket. It won't hurt the basket, that's what its for, and besides the paper looks more in place there.

Or else bale it up and sell it to the junkman. It's worth \$8.50 a ton. We could then buy a picture for the office, or send a peace ship to Europe.

P. S.



The baseball team has started the season which has all the earmarks of a decided success. The first four games ended with Ypsi High on top. Then came the game with Detroit Central, in which the home fellows tried their best to make an error on every play—they almost succeeded. By the time the smoke had cleared away Central had the game tucked away, by a 9-0 score. The team redeemed itself a few days later by beating the Normal College Reserves by a 7-2 score. On the 17th of May the team went to Fenton where they lost a hard-luck game, when Fenton batted in three runs in the last inning.

The record for the team this season is as follows:

April 21—Milan, 7; Y. H. S., 8.
 April 29—Manchester, 6; Y. H. S., 13.
 May 2—Cleary College, 0; Y. H. S., 9.
 May 5—Belleville, 1; Y. H. S., 6.
 May 9—Detroit Central, 9; Y. H. S., 0.
 May 12—Normal Reserves, 2; Y. H. S., 7.
 May 17—Fenton, 4; Y. H. S., 3.

The team is captained by Sewell Platt, a good manager, and a heady player. The catcher's job is, of course, held down by Lew Wolters, the big "Kaiser," who never lets anything pass, and who is the dread of all baserunners. He also can hit the ball. Earl Smith and Capt.

Platt alternate at pitching, are hard to hit and both field their positions well. The first base is held down in good style by "Cusso" Miller. He gets them all, and is a good hitter. "Bill" Schneider holds down second base. He is easily the chief hitter on the team. In the first eleven times at bat, he hit safely eight times, which gives him a good average. Roy Bird, last year's captain, holds on to short, he is playing the same whirlwind game he played last year. Bernard Kirk holds down the far corner. He performs with the same speed on the diamond as he did on the basketball court. Gerald Gale holds down left field. He is a good fielder, a better hitter and a still better base-stealer. Bill Cooney, in center field, can grab anything that comes in the general direction of the outfield. He can also hit, having lost none of his last year's "eye." The right field job is held down by Platt and Leo Rodrick, the latter's great speed making him valuable in the outfield.

Through a mistake the name of Frank Hayden was omitted in last month's "Sem" when the names of the basketball team was given out. Frank is a tall speedy center who can jump with the best. His height makes the matter of dropping the ball in the basket very simple. He will be a real asset to next year's team.

An Electrical Discharge

Boss—"Watt-hour you doing there?"

Office Boy—"Eatin' currents. Anode you'd catch me."

Boss—"Wire you insulate this morning?"
 Office Boy—"Leyden bed."

Boss—"Wouldn't that jar you. Can't your relay-stunts get you up in the morning?"

Office Boy—"Amperently not."

Boss—"Well, fuse going to do this every morning, you're fired. Gwan ohm."

Two little fleas sat on a rock

And one to the other said:

"I have no place to hang my hat

Since my old dog is dead.

I've traveled the wide world over,

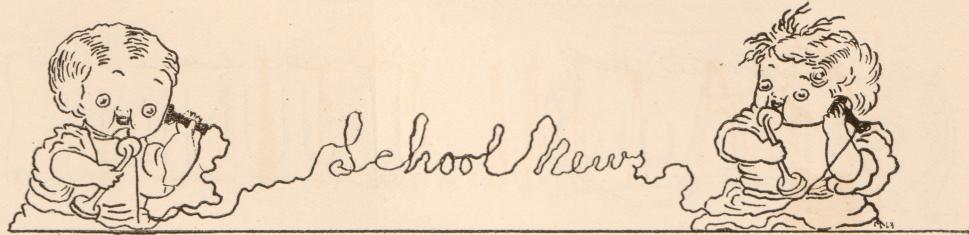
And farther will I roam,

But the first fat dog that shows his face

Will be my Home Sweet Home."

He—"Did you see those autos skid?"

She—"Sir, how dare you call me that?"



April 26—Exercises opened with the singing of the high school song. There were several announcements, Percy Vernon making one with regard to the Junior party to be held on April 28. Mr. Morris announced the triangular debate with Adrian and Hillsdale, the dual debate with Ann Arbor and also an "Old-fashioned pelling Bee" for May 5.

As a special feature for the morning Miss Lokie, of the Normal College faculty, read "The Dawn of Tomorrow," by Francis Hodgson Burnett. Miss Lokie generously responded to encores with selections from Dunbar and Riley.

Thursday, May 4—As we had a distinguished and music-loving visitor, Mr. Norris asked us to sing the high school song. The Boys' Glee club also rendered once again that famous "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Our visitor was Mr. H. R. Pattengill who, for many years, has been connected with the schools of Michigan. Mr. Pattengill talked on several of the phases of education, especially about the value of a diploma. With many a good humorous sketch the while. Mr. Pattengill made several points. He urged us to train our minds for it is by our minds that our course in life is governed.

Friday, May 5—We passed to chapel at 1:45 as this was the date set for the Shakespearean Pageant. The places on the program had been chosen by lot and the Sophomores were first with the witch scenes from "Macbeth," then the Freshmen with two scenes from a "Midsummer Night's Dream," next the Juniors with the conspiracy scene and the scene before the capitol from "Julius Caesar," and last the Seniors with the four scenes from "King Lear."

Between numbers Miss Murphy sang "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" by Schubert, and "Who is Sylvia?" Miss Murphy and Mr. Morris also sang a duet, "I Know a Bank Whereon the Wild Thyme Blows," by Horn.

The judges for the contest were Miss Susan Stinson, Miss Emelyn Gardner and Dr. Alma Blount, of the Normal. The twelfth grade won first place with the ninth as second.

Part of the twelfth grade entertainment was

the Moorish dance given by R. Augustus, M. Miller, J. Miller, S. Norton, G. Gale and L. Wilson with Harry Miller as accompanist. Jesse Miller told something of the history of the dance which was so popular in Elizabethan age.

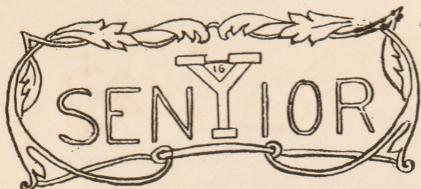
Mrs. M. B. Chapin, in behalf of the Woman's Club of Ypsilanti, then presented to the winning class a beautiful copy of Rembrandt's "Sortie of the Civic Guard." The picture was accepted by Jesse Miller, president of the Senior class.

May 10—The school joined in singing three familiar hymns and soon after were favored with a violin solo by Matthew Stein who was accompanied by Miss Abba Owen.

The announcements "came in couplets," Mr. Morris first telling of the supper for May 12. Glen Banks explained the debate between Ypsi and Hillsdale to be held on the same evening. Jesse Miller then urged the school to patronize the "Pencil-Blotter-Map" sale of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. Mary Case emphasized Mr. Miller's remarks and the importance of the sale.

Rev. O. L. Morris of the Congregational church talked to us on the thought that "A Man's Gift Makes Room For Him." We were urged to develop the gifts within us for then we would never be without a helpful and useful sphere in life.

May 16—After the usual formalities including the singing of "No. 10," Mr. Morris read the names of those chosen for the "Sem" Staff for next year. The list is as follows: Editor-in-chief, Owen Cleary; associate editor, Paul Smith; literary editor, Dorothy Arbaugh; athletic editor, Fred Allen; local editor, Ellen Hopkins; joke and exchange, Ethel Monk; art editor, Irene Owen; circulation mgr., Percy Vernon; business mgr., Allen Carr; advertising mgr., Floyd Matthews. "The" event of the morning was to be the oration by Harry Hubbard of the class of '14. However, Prof. McKay of the Normal College first made a few preliminary remarks in which he told of the records the Normal had made along various lines, especially in debate and oratory.



The Seniors have had a great many victories in the last month. They are especially overjoyed about the winning of the picture which the Ladies' Literary club presented them as the result of the Shakespearean contest. The cast in every way showed that they were fitted and well prepared to produce the play "King Lear."

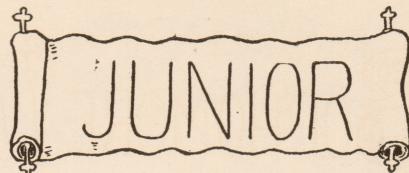
In oration, essay, declamation and debate the Seniors have been victorious. Those representing the Senior class in these activities are as follows: Oration and declamation, Clarence Ponton; essay, John Hubbard and debate Harold Augustus, Clarence Ponton and John Hubbard. This gives the Seniors forty-eight points and fourteen points ahead of the next highest. They have shown their spirit so far and intend to keep it up with even more courage.

On May 4 the Junior and Senior baseball game took place. The final score being 12 to 0 with four regulars and five other workers. The baseball team has a good start and it is hoped that they will be successful after losing first place in basketball. The lineup for the Seniors is as follows. Green, Platt, Bird, Gale, Wolters, Palmer, Gregory, Darling and Van Riper.

On Friday, May 5, Helen Dusbiber served a luncheon in the high school dining room. The guests were Miss Roberts, Aileen Clark and Grace Riley.

The cooking department served another one of their successful suppers May 12 in the lunch room. This showed the interest of the town-people in our school activities, as a great number were out. The tables were prettily decorated with wild flowers which the cooking girls picked in the woods. The proceeds of the supper were \$15.78. This will be a great deal of help toward paying for the dining room furniture.

Friday noon, May 12, seven of the Senior girls went to the woods for their dinner. Florence Painter took them in her machine and when they were out in the country much to their sorrow the engine stopped. No one saw anything of the picnickers until seventh hour, just in time to give their excuse.



A Junior Class meeting was held in Room 221 at 3:15 April 10, to appoint a committee to take charge of the Junior-Senior banquet which will be held June 7. Those on the committee are: Percy Vernon, Dorothy Arbaugh, Helen Montgomery, Margaret Wyckoff and Fred Seaver.

The Junior contestant in the oration contest was Allen Carr.

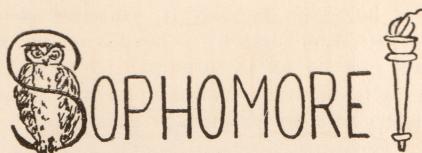
The Junior spelling contestants were: Margaret Wyckoff, Dorothy Arbaugh, Louise Camp, Ethel Monk, Isabelle Hutton, Lila Driscoll, Paul Smith, Ruth Grimston and Clyde Breining. Margaret Wyckoff, of the Junior class, proved to be the star speller of the school, thus winning eight more points for the Juniors.

The Junior party was held in the lunch room April 28. The room was artistically decorated in the class colors, gold and brown. Punch served as a refreshment and Witmire's three-piece orchestra furnished music for dancing. About thirty couples attended the party.

The Junior baseball team is composed of the following: Frank Haydon, Herbert Cooney, Percy Vernon, Maurice Rogers, Clayton Alban, Morgan Axford, Robert Knight, Paul Hayward and Emil Ludke.

The first baseball game in the inter-class contests was played May 4. In this game the Juniors were defeated by Seniors with a score of 12-0. However, this did not discourage the Juniors and on May 11, they won the game with the Freshmen, the score being 7-4. They also expect to win the game with the Sophomores.

The following Juniors are on the Sem Staff for next year: Owen Cleary, Editor-in-chief; Paul Smith, associate editor; Allan Carr, business manager; Percy Vernon, circulating manager; Dorothy Arbaugh, literary editor; Fred Allen, athletic editor; Ethel Monk, joke and exchange editor, and Irene Owen, art editor. With this sort of people to represent the high school in its paper, the Junior class can assure the high school that better papers were never put out than these people will issue.



The decision of the judges at the Freshman and Sophomore debate was two to one in favor of the Freshmen. The only reason that may be seen for this result is that the Sophomores wished to encourage the Freshmen.

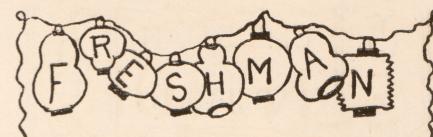
The declamation contest took place the same night. In this event the Sophomores were tied for second place, Amos Snyder being their contestant. His subject was "A Soldier of An Empire," by Nelson.

In the essay the Sophomores with Katherine French as their contestant, won second place. Her subject was "The Campfire Girls of America."

The spelling and oratory contests took place on the same night and in both events the Sophomores captured second place. Mary Remski won the five points in the spelling and Ellen Smith in oratory.

The pageants of all the classes turned out successfully and while the Sophomores did not win first place or the picture, they do not by any means have to consider theirs a failure. It consisted of three short scenes from Macbeth, the first scene was a witch scene, the second, the meeting of the witches with Macbeth, and the third, the caldron scene. Those taking part were as follows: First witch, Mary Remski; second witch, Dorothy Murdock; third witch, Alma Wardroper; Herate, Marjorie Sweet; other witches, Dona Webb, Mildred Horn, Ruth Bowen and Doris Greene. Macbeth, George Beranek and Banquo, Floyd Matthews.

The first inter-class baseball game took place on May 2 between the Freshmen and Sophomores. This was a very exciting game. At the last half of the ninth inning the score stood seven to five in favor of the Freshmen, but by rallying the Sophomores were able to win by a score of eight to seven. Those who played were as follows: Earl Smith, captain and pitcher, George Beranek, catcher; Carl Miller, first base; James Forsythe, second base; Herbert Sample, third base; Leo Rodrik, shortstop; Floyd Matthews, left field; William Arbaugh, center field, and Baird Leeson, right field.



The Freshmen held their party in the lunch room Saturday, May 6, 1916, from 7:45 to 10:30 o'clock.

About 130 people attended including quite a number of the faculty. Dancing and cards were the chief amusements. We hope that every one enjoyed coming to the party as much as we enjoyed having them there. We cleared expenses which is a good deal more than some of the other classes did and after our bills were paid we found we had nearly two dollars to strengthen the treasury with.

A great question confronted the Freshmen class at the opening of the baseball season. Our class wanted suits for our team. Now you know what suits mean. Suits mean money and the question was, will we make expenses on our freshman party. We not only made expenses but we have two dollars to spare. But now the team has changed its mind and is going to have each man furnish his own suit. The suits will cost a dollar and eighty cents each and nearly all of the fellows have ordered theirs already.

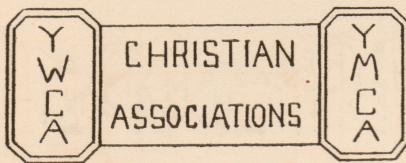
Mr. Walpole talked to the Freshman team on Monday, May 22. We settled a little misunderstanding and we hope it will never happen again.

At present there is only about \$1.50 in the class treasury, however, there are many dues to be collected. Have you paid yours?

All the boys who haven't made a match so far this year can write to Don McLouth & Co., Bureau of Broken Hearts. He will sign you up at 20 percent of their face value.

The Freshman class will keep in mind that next year a great attempt will be made to put our numerals on the cup. Help Boost. Get Busy. Write essays if you know how. Study and be ready to help when the time comes.

The Freshman baseball team lost some of its old time "pep" about two weeks ago, but as soon as the little misunderstandings were adjusted, the fellows came out again and showed that they can be good losers.

**Y. W. C. A.**

The girls of the Y. W. C. A. assembled in Room 203, May 5, for their regular meeting. The treasurer gave a report and Carolyn Case told about the Y. W. C. A. at the Exposition. Helen Montgomery conducted the Bible study lesson, which was about "All the Kingdoms of the World."

The next Y. W. C. A. meeting was held May 18. The scripture lesson was read by the president. It was announced that we would have an afternoon Japanese tea May 24. Miss McKenzie, of the Normal, gave a very interesting talk about "Hull House."

Y. M. C. A.

So far as the "Sem" is concerned the 1,15-16 Y. M. C. A. is obsolete. But in the minds and hearts of its members it will live forever.

The "Y" has had a very prosperous year. It has held a large part in the social as well as the moral functions of the school. But now fellows, we need your help and all we ask is that you do your duty: "Pay your dues."

The "Y" wants to send three fellows up to camp this year. This cannot be done unless we have the united strength of every "Y" fellow. Help the Y. Possibly you will be the one sent to camp.

The Huron Camp Fire

The Camp Fire was formed by the members of the old Audubon society, with the purpose of making birds the main study, but extending the interests of the members to other things as well. Seven girls signed the charter, and six others joined later, making thirteen girls, besides the guardian. The girls have had several private ceremonial meetings, and attended two Grand Council Fires. They took the name "Huron" from the Huron Indians, and the symbol formed by two beavers, for industry.

Miss Hoffman sent to the state library at Lansing for the first set of books in the Camp

Fire Girls' traveling library. This is a collection of books on handicraft, athletics, health, homecraft, and fiction. These can be kept for six months by the Camp Fire. The girls wish to thank Miss Hoffman for the interest she has shown by procuring these books.

All of the girls are Woodgatherers and one a Fire Maker. They have found in Miss Steere a helpful leader, a good team worker, and a jolly companion. Everyone feels that she has learned a great deal, and looks forward with great interest to next year.

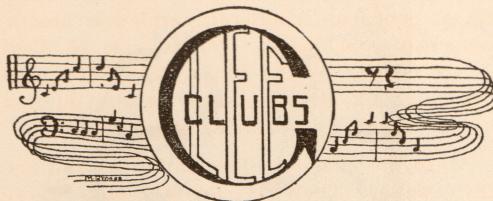


The meeting held June sixth terminated a most successful year for the House. This was true not only in membership but also in activities.

The year started in September with Representative James Breakey, Speaker; Representative John Hubbard, clerk, and Representative R. Beal, assistant clerk. Representative Banks, sergeant-at-arms. Under these officers, and through the efforts of the members, the House was boosted enthusiastically and much to the surprise of all, it was discovered a few weeks before the close of the semester, that the House had reached its membership limit, namely forty-two members.

The officers chosen for the second semester were: Representative G. Banks, Speaker; Representative R. Beal, clerk; Representative R. Augustus, assistant clerk; Representative L. Hagle, sergeant-at-arms. These officers entered into their duties determined to hold the House together to the best of their ability during the second and more trying semester of the year. As a result many new forms of entertainment were planned.

This resulted in the House banquet, the debate with Hillsdale, the mock trial, and the debate with Normal High. In spite of the numerous new activities which arrive in the spring of each year, the second semester sees the House with a much larger membership than ever before and Ypsi High can still boast of the best and largest House in Michigan.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The leap-year party given by the girls Saturday evening, April 29, 1916, was a great success. The lunch room was converted into a ballroom, prettily decorated with the club colors, old rose and gray. About the middle of the program old rose and gray caps were distributed among the guests, followed by a "grand one-step" which was the main feature of the evening. It was charmingly led by Mary Allen and Jesse Miller.

The music was furnished by Fischer of Ann Arbor. Refreshments were served.

The club met May 8 for practice. May 9 the club sang at the annual meeting of the Home association held at the Masonic Temple.

Luella Davis and Lucile Parkinson have joined the club and are a great help to our altos.

Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee club began its year early but owing to the fact that many of the members were prominent in athletics not much progress was made till the close of the football season. The club was unusually fortunate in having so capable an accompanist as James Breakey and his work added much to the interest in the work of the organization during the year.

The repertoire of the club this year was not so large as that of last year but the songs they sang were much better done. The number most enjoyed was Bullard's "Sword of Ferrara," though Harrington's "Mrs. Winslow" was always called for an encore. Other numbers that the club worked on were Fanning's "The Vikings," Voigt's, "Mother Love," Wagner's "Battle Hymn" from the Opera of Rienzi, and Sullivan's "Pirates' Chorus" from the "Pirates of Penzance." Besides singing in chapel on several occasions, the club accepted two invitations to sing before the Industrial association at the Masonic Temple and the Men's club of the St. Luke's church.



At the opening of the year the girls held a masquerade party for the purpose of introducing new members into the organization.

Program committees have been chosen to act for three meetings, then a new committee is chosen. This is giving each girl an equal chance.

New pins, of a dainty design, made of silver have been purchased. All the girls were well pleased and about fifty ordered them.

The honor pin, which was given by Miss Hardy, to the girl who has done the best work in classes and in P. L. S. also, was won by Caroline Case.

The society is becoming larger and doing more extensive work and with the kind co-operation of the teachers—Miss Hardy acting as patroness—they hope to have it even better next year.

The girls have had an exceptionally good year in having fine programs and good attendance at all meetings.

The officers for the first semester were as follows: Margaret Brooks, president; Carolyn Case, vice president; Margaret Wycoff, secretary; Irene Seaver, treasurer. For the second semester: Margaret Brooks, president; Ruth MacIntyre, vice president; Genevieve Nulan, secretary; Irene Seaver, treasurer; Helen Shockley, sergeant-at-arms.

The society has been growing each year, as is shown by the record. It has grown from the fifteen charter members in 1909 to nearly four times the size as it now stands.

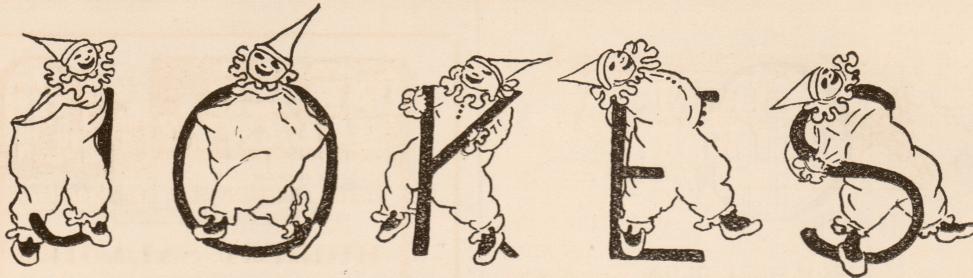
Modern Farming

"How many head of live stock you got on the place?"

"Live stock?" echoed the somewhat puzzled farmer, "what d'ye mean by live stock?" I got four steam tractors and seven automobiles."

Teacher—"Can't you even tell when Christopher Columbus discovered America? What does the chapter heading read?"

Sammy—"Christopher Columbus—1492. But I thought that was his telephone number.



Things That Never Happen

1. Irene Owen keeps sober.
2. Paul Smith doesn't twist his hair and talk.
3. It doesn't rain on chapel days.
4. The students don't chew gum.
5. The meat doesn't burn in No. 315.

G. Meanwell—"Which do you like best, Williams or Colgate?"

Carl—"What are you talking about; colleges or shaving soap?"

B. Schneider (trying his new car)—"Fifty miles an hour. Are you brave?"

G. Nulan (swallowing more dust)—"Yes, I'm full of grit."

The Joke Editor

He can scratch his weary head,
And write 'till his fingers are sore,
But some cunning Senior's sure to say
"Aw! I've heard that one before."

Doris G.—"Mamma, have gooseberries got legs?"

Mrs. Greene—"Of course not—"

Doris—"Then I've swallowed a catterpillar."

You have heard perhaps of the Englishman in the South Station, Boston, who read over a door, "Inside Baggage" and chuckled with glee. "You Americans are so droll; Now we should say "Refreshment Room."

Miss Minnard (in Eng. Exam.)—"I will not answer any questions."

Birdie—"Shake! Neither will I."

Pat and Mike were tramping. It was in a lake country and the mosquitoes bothered them. It became night and they tried to hide from the pests by getting behind a bush. Soon they began to see fire flies.

Pat remarked—"Shure, it's no use hiding Moike. They're coming after us with lanterns."

Things We Should Like

Wanted—A pony in Cicero, 5th hour. Apply to M. Axford.

Wanted—An alarm clock for Botany. Apply to the Botany classes.

Wanted—Some one to buy pencils and blotters. Apply to Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

Seward H.—"I wonder why women don't have beards?"

Sewell—"I suppose for the same reason that vegetation never grows around a gas plant."

Mr. Walpole (in the Agri. garden)—"Miss Clark how does it happen your garden is so much higher than the others?"

Allen—"More dirt in it."

Miss Cooper—"Mr. Axford, what is the future, first, singular, indicative, active, of the third conjugation?"

M. A.—"Regan."

Miss Cooper—"Correct. What is it like?"

M. A.—"An old maid."

Miss Cooper—"Why?"

M. A.—"Because, it hasn't any 'bo.'"

Miss Minnard—"Use the word gruesome in a sentence."

Bright Freshie—"Jim stopped shaving and grew some whiskers."

R. Augustus—"I came to see if you had an opening for me."

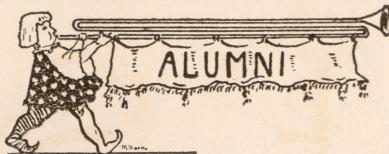
Editor—"Right in back of you. Close it when you go out."

Mistress—"Did you see if the butcher had pigs' feet?"

Maid—"No, Ma'am, I couldn't—he had his boots on!"

Drug Clerk—"Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I sold you?"

Customer—"No, I tried for five hours and couldn't hit a one."



Ruth Coquillard, who took the first two years of her high school course here, 1908-1910, leaving at the end of this period when her family moved to Flint, died at the latter city May 7. The body was brought here for burial May 9.

Miss Coquillard is remembered by a number of the teachers and alumni as a bright, lovable girl. She passed through the grades of the Ypsilanti schools, and while a member of the eighth grade won for her class the picture, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," offered as a prize by the local chapter of the D. A. R., which still hangs in north stairway of the Central building.

Boys Entertain

Wendell Gorton and Lawrence Brown, two Ypsilanti boys, alumni of this school, and who are members of the "Michiganian" staff of the University of Michigan, were entertained with other members at the home of Professor Gordon Stoner Monday evening. The "Michiganian" corresponds to the "Aurora" of the Normal college.

The music teacher was coming. Willie's Mamma said:

"Willie, did you wash your face?"

"Yes'm."

"Willie, did you wash your hands?"

"Yes'm."

"Willie, did you wash your ears?"

"Well, I washed the one that would be next the music teacher."

Student—"Have you, 'A Little Grey Home in the West?'"

Clerk—"No, but er—er I have a home in town."

"How often does your road kill a man?" asked an old lady.

"Just once," replied the conductor.

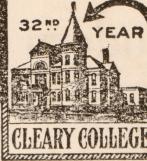
He—"I am the blacksmith down at the restaurant."

She—"What do you do?"

He—"I am shooing the flies."

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The Ingot—Hancock, Mich.
High School Life—Chicago, Ill.
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The Observer—Decatur, Ill.
The Scimitar—Lorain, Ohio.
The Reflector—Jackson, Mich.
O-High—Oberlin, Ohio.
The Pioneer—Grand Rapids, Mich.
Weekly Frudent—Santa Cruz, Cal.
M. A. C. Record—Lansing, Mich.
The Lyceum—Chillicothe, Ohio.
The Insight—Hartford City, Ind.
The Beacon—Detroit, Mich.
Said and Done—Muskegon, Mich.
The Comet—Milwaukee, Wis.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Ypsi Sem—A better planned school magazine would be hard to find.—The Beacon, Detroit, Mich.

Ypsi-Sem—We are pleased to receive your paper and wish to praise your interesting editorials.—The Scimitar, Lorain, Ohio.

Ypsi-Sem—One column a page and larger print yould improve the appearance of your paper.—H. S. Review, Wilkensburg, Pa.

Ypsi-Sem—A well arranged paper bubbling over with spirit.—X-Ray, Columbus, Ohio.

Ypsi-Sem—A nicely arranged paper. Perhaps owing to Ypsilanti's proximity to Detroit, Ypsi-Sem supports Henry Ford in his Eurepean pacifist attempt.—Record, Wheeling, W. Va.

Ypsi-Sem—An interesting paper, but you might have a larger Exchange department.—Bugle, Monroe, Mich.

A Long Theme!

Miss Minnard—"B. Kirk, will you read your theme on "Baseball."
Kirk—(reading)—"Rain, no game."

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